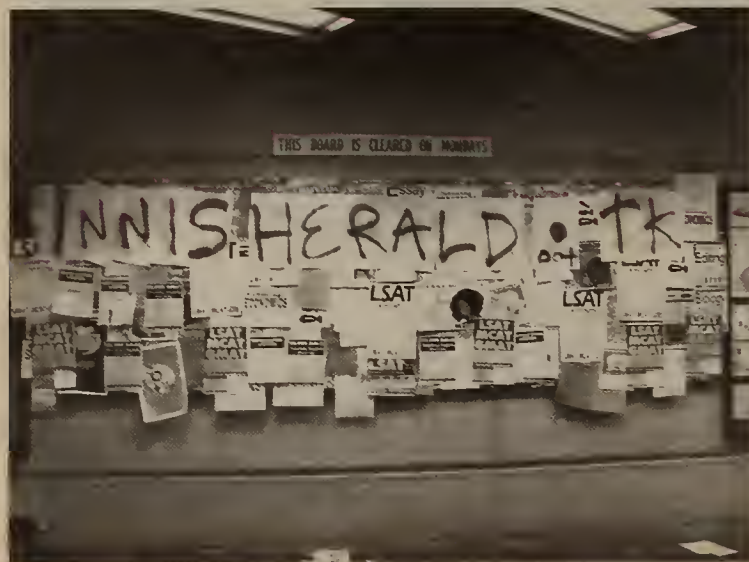


The Innis Herald



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Japanese short films invade Innis, make us beg for more - and more we shall have!

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Film

Hey R2, I hear the Star Wars DVDs suck. Am I right or am I right?

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All that's gold does not glitter

Vanessa Meadu investigates Canada's dirty goldmine project

"The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest; the lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless! The last corruption of degenerate man." - Samuel Johnson, Irene.

Every year, the Planet in Focus International Environmental Film Festival, hosted in part by Innis College, offers a visual journey into a world of fascinating environmental issues. This year's festival presented an enormous variety of films, from wildlife documentaries to science fiction 'what if scenarios' to activist manifestos. Two films in particular caught my attention. *Inheritance - A Fisherman's Story* by Peter Hegedus, and *New Eldorado* by Tibor Kocsis are two different films dealing with large-scale gold mining and its environmental and social consequences. Both films examine cross-border mining issues between Romania and Hungary, two countries I happened to visit this past summer. The films are vivid essays that show the darker side of the gold industry, offering very personal stories of people affected or threatened by the mining.

Fisherman is the touching story of Balasz Meszaros, a 30-something Hungarian fisherman living off of the Tisza river. In 2000, a dam filled with cyanide waste burst at a goldmine in Romania, releasing 100,000 tons of poison into the river, which completely destroyed the ecological balance of the river, as well as the delicate bond between the fish and the fisherman. Generations of fishermen had made their lives around this river, working cooperatively and sustainably, taking only as much as they needed, and always caring for the well-being of the river. Now, Balasz and others were left without a livelihood. The idea of relocating and retraining was not only insulting, but also impossible. While the Hungarian government had made a claim against the Australian-owned goldmine, Balasz is shocked to learn that no claim had been made on behalf of the fishermen.

Filmmaker Hegedus, an Australian-Hungarian, details Balasz's daily struggles and small moments of joy as he attempts to take on the mining Goliath.

Continued on page 5...

Same-sex Marriage Revisited

Stephen Hutchison reasserts the need to fully legalize gay marriage

Since mid 2003, when the Ontario Court of Appeals quashed the governmental ban on the issuance of marriage licenses to same-sex couples, the issue of same-sex marriage has been one of immense importance to Canadians. The federal government, in an act of political astuteness, managed to avoid the issue during the election campaign by referring the question of same-sex marriage to the Supreme Court of Canada. In the meantime, however, provincial and territorial judges in 6 of Canada's 13 legal jurisdictions have ruled the ban on same-sex marriages to be unconstitutional (Ontario, Quebec, British Columbia, Manitoba, Nova Scotia and the Yukon territory now have legal same-sex marriage). Now that the Supreme Court of Canada's hearings on the federal government's reference have begun, same-sex marriage has once again taken centre stage as a matter of significant political and legal controversy. A vast array of conservative, family and religious groups have coalesced around the Attorney-General of Alberta to oppose same-

sex marriage to the Supreme Court, while gay and human rights groups, Jewish organizations, and the United Church of Canada have combined with the Attorney-General of Canada to support same-sex marriage.

While the conservatively minded are certainly within their rights to oppose same-sex marriage, one searches in vain for any semblance of logic in the arguments made by opponents of same-sex marriage. An evaluation of such arguments is, however, the key to this debate. The modern constitutionalism and dedication to liberal-democratic human rights to which Canada subscribes dictate that equality before the law is an imperative. To deny a person a legal privilege, such as marriage, that is freely enjoyed by others is in violation of the right to equality before the law. As it is the same-sex couple whose rights are being infringed upon, the onus is therefore upon the opponents of same-sex marriage to justify the necessity of abrogating those rights for some greater good.

Continued on page 6...

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Innis Herald Community

Illegal Seizure of Indymedia Equipment

In a chilling attack on free speech, US authorities in London seized two servers belonging to the independent media network, Indymedia. This is disgusting, and attacks like these must be pre-emptively stopped.

Indymedia is a global media network that provides open space to publish challenging, independent reporting, with emphasis on political and social justice issues. The Indymedia network is based upon principled mutual aid and voluntary participation, maintaining openly accessible newswires with the capacity for anyone to publish texts, images, audio, and video.

On 7 October, 2004, hard drives from two Indymedia servers were seized from the London office of a US-owned web hosting company, Rackspace, at the request of the US Justice Department, apparently in collaboration with Italian and Swiss authorities.

ENSU loves you and the environment

Time is just flying by! Do you ever wonder why the more assignments that you have due the faster the time goes? Last week I had two proposals, the week before that three "midterm" assignments and before I knew it half of October was over!

Well, the ENSU mixer went very well. We had a great turnout - I'm sure the free food helped bring some people out (wink wink). It's always nice to meet people with similar interests (academic or otherwise) and we even managed to have a little fun!

ENSU has decided to hold an eco-friendly fashion show with the theatre group UC Follies. We've now realized that the environmental t-shirts usually given out as promotions are not terribly attractive and we are trying to come up with some more interesting and fashionable outfits that people will actually be proud to wear to represent their commitment to the environment. We're now looking for student designers who are interested in incorporating the environment into their wonderful fashion ideas. If this is you... please contact me at: kbaxter119@hotmail.com. I only have limited details right now because we are still in the preliminary stages of planning but I'll have more for you soon.

ENSU is also planning on holding a movie night; however, we are having a little trouble deciding on what movie to show, so if you have any ideas please drop by the ENSU office (located in Innis College behind the Innis Café- you'll see the posters on the door!) or contact me with your suggestions. We have to choose the movie by the middle of next month so please send your suggestions ASAP. Thanks!! To find out what movie we've decided on, when and where the event will be held, keep checking our website. If you've been there recently then you probably know that it hasn't been updated this year. Luckily we now have a wonderful webmaster who will be taking care of the website on a weekly basis.

As well, I'll be sure to include the details in *The Innis Herald* so keep reading!

The seizure of the hard drives in London shut down an Indymedia radio station and around 20 different Indymedia websites including those serving Amazonia, Uruguay, Andorra, Poland, Western Massachusetts, Nice, Nantes, Lilles, Marseille, Euskal Herria (Basque Country), Liege, East and West Vlaanderen, Antwerpen, Belgrade, Portugal, Prague, Galiza, Italy, Brazil, UK, and parts of Germany Indymedia.

Although the hard drives were returned on October 13, the particular legal framework under which the seizures took place is unknown. One week after the seizures there is still an almost total information blackout from the authorities in the UK, US, Switzerland and Italy. Indymedia still has no confirmation of who ordered the seizures, who took the hard drives, why the seizures took place, or whether it will happen again.

In response, people all over the world have endorsed a declaration of support for the news outlet. The staff of the Innis Herald encourages you to visit <http://solidarity.indymedia.org.uk/> and consider signing the petition.

Winnis!

Congratulations to Innis College for winning first place against all other St. George colleges (and second place overall) in the first annual University of Toronto Games!

Our Results

College Bowl: Third Place

Soccer Tournament: First Place

Battle of the Bands: First Place (Jasper Flat)

Get your cheer on...

Come one, come all, to Innis Men's Intramural Hockey!

Seeing as the NHL has gone to hell (what, \$7 million a season isn't enough to buy another Escalade???), now's the time to watch some real hockey. It's all about the game, man. Games are at Varsity arena.

Schedule:

Wednesday November 10 - 11pm

Monday November 15 - 11pm

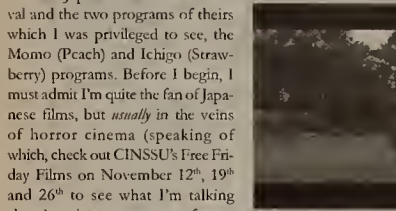
Sunday November 28 - 6pm

GRADitude Campaign 2005

GRADitude is a graduating class gift campaign run by students for students. Participation in GRADitude is one way for the graduating class to help their fellow students improve student life on campus. As a student, you know what students need - now you can decide on how to make it happen! On average, the tuition that each student pays is about 1/3 the cost of their education - the rest of the money comes from the government, and precious donations. That is why, this year, the money raised by the grads will be put towards an OSOTF award for students in financial need. The coolest thing about the campaign is the incentives to pledge. The university will match all donations 1 to 1. In addition, because Frank Cunningham is our principal, any Innis scholarships will be matched 1 to 1. Therefore, a donation of \$5 (the price of 2 coffees), will mean \$15 dollars toward the campaign. GRADitude will be holding various events for the graduating class throughout the year and volunteers from ANY year are always welcome. Please email us at innisgrads@gmail.com.

Gate ball and robots and ninja-bunnies, oh my! Danielle D'Ornellas reviews the Toronto Japanese Short Film Festival programs Momo and Ichigo, sponsored by CINSSU

On Friday October 15th I was lucky enough to have some spare time in my busy university schedule to kick back and watch some short films from the land of anime and Kurosawa. This is all thanks to the Toronto Japanese Short Film Festival and the two programs of theirs which I was privileged to see, the Momo (Peach) and Ichigo (Strawberry) programs. Before I begin, I must admit I'm quite the fan of Japanese films, but *usually* in the veins of horror cinema (speaking of which, check out CINSSU's Free Friday Films on November 12th, 19th and 26th to see what I'm talking about), so it was a rare treat for me to be able to see more variety in these programs. This variety ranged from computer animation about ninja-bunnies and frogs, to what I assume was Japanese avant-garde, into a Shaolin-Soccer-type comedy to mainstream drama. I didn't quite know what to expect before I walked into the theatre, but I happily shelled out my green, took my ticket stubs and walked into the unknown.



Gateball

The first film in the Momo program was probably one of my favourites, *Every Boy Loves Airplanes*. The film follows a gangster named Mikami as he attempts to rescue his ex-girlfriend from his arch-nemesis. The problem is that Mikami has a bad habit of being distracted by his favourite hobby, watching airplanes. A solid mix of action and gut-wrenching comedy, this first film had the audience, and myself, completely absorbed. As an interesting follow-up to the first film, the next was a tie for the most bizarre thing I have ever seen in my life (the other most bizarre being something later on in the Ichigo program). *Auto Mommy* is the story of a mail-order-robot-nanny who takes care of children for lazy parents. The downside is that the Auto Mommy doesn't quite know its own strength and can stretch your child's neck into a long sperm looking-tube. Yeah, I got the symbolism all right. Let's

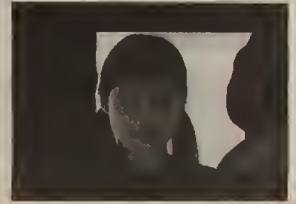
move on, shall we? The next two shorts were forgettable, but then came *Gateball*. A four minute short similar to the Cantonese film *Shaolin Soccer* (that is if *Shaolin Soccer* starred men who look like they should be in intensive care rather than on a field), it follows two old men vying for the affection of a perky elderly female peer in the most XREME game of gate ball that the world has ever seen! It was a quick laugh, but unfortunately was followed by an excruciatingly slow film which I'll just skip right over.

After a 30 minute break which saw me running to Fine Foods on Bloor and Huron for pop and chips (why Innis College can't have vending machines like everybody else, I'll never understand!) it was time for the Ichigo program. Ichigo was the much stronger program from

start to finish and opened with *Life in Additional Time*, which is about a young criminal just about to start his life on the straight and narrow as he is shot by his partner-in-crime Well, actually, by some luck he was granted additional time! just like in soccer, to allow himself to set things straight before he dies. A cute and charming piece that asks the question of what you would do with extra time in life, this film made a great impression with the audience as could be seen by the applause at the end. And now, as promised, the next film was the other most bizarre thing I've seen in my life. Except that the bizarre part wasn't so much the visual, as much as the sound because it was spoken by an Apple-Mac Text to Speech program. *Textism* comments on murder, condominiums and the experience of the soul after death, with each segment being spoken by a different tone from the program. The unnerving sound of the program mispronouncing words as well as the eerie background sounds just left me with chills that could be equated to fingernails on a blackboard. It was easily the most deliberate film of the night as it was created to make the audience feel as awkward and disturbed as possible.

Yet, to balance the effect left from "Textism", the next memorable film was *Mountainfrog and Ninja Bunny* which, quite simply, is

a 3 minute battle between a small ninja-bunny and his nemesis, a mus-tached frog. A winner in the And now for something completely different category, this film gave way to the last film in the program, and the best overall, *Doki Doki*. This film follows the twenty-something Yumi as she rides the subway in Tokyo every day and takes notes on the fellow riders that she has seen for almost 1000 days in a row. This goes on until one day when, after an unfortunate delay, she gets fired and decides to finally talk to that cute guy she had her eye on for the past 3 years. At the same time it follows schoolgirl Makiko, a fellow passenger, as she struggles with the pressure of a broken home life, cruel classmates and the hope that Yumi instills in her. A strong closer for the already strong Ichigo program, *Doki Doki* manages to have the best use of a Sigur Ros song that I could ever imagine (untitled track 2 for those curious). Pretty much a beautiful ending to the Ichigo program and a beautiful ending to my interesting experience at the Toronto Japanese Short Film Festival, it left me smiling and talking about it for days afterward. Now, for those who missed this film festival (shame on you!) many of the films I mentioned in my review are available for download at <http://www.open-art.tv/>. But be warned: this site is in Japanese with some English thrown in to help you, but if you spend enough time at the site, you'll find the films you want and you won't be disappointed. Happy downloading!



Doki Doki

CINSSU Fall 2004 Free Friday Films Japanese horror and much more

All films begin at 7pm at Innis Town Hall

November 5th
NO FREE FRIDAY FILM THIS WEEK.

November 12th (Japanese Horror Series)
Ichu the Killer (2001)
Japan, directed by Takashi Miike with Tabanobu Asano, and Nao Omon. 129 min, 35 mm.
Ichu the Killer is a vivid tale of retribution and revenge set within the yakuza underworld. After his yakuza boss goes missing, Kakihiara uses his sadistic methods of interrogation to find the boss's assumed killers. Working his way through underworld connections - Kakihiara discovers his boss's demise came at the hands of Ichu (Nao Omon), a mysterious figure that slices individuals into numerous bloody pieces with razor-sharp blades strapped to his boots. As Kakihiara draws closer, Ichu turns the tables on the hunter and brings his own vengeance, served up sushi style - Max Messier

November 19th (Japanese Horror Series)
Versus (2000)
Japan, directed by Ryuhei Kitamura, with Tak Sakaguchi, Kenji Matsuda and Yuihiko Arai. 119 min, 35 mm.
Two escaped convicts, each wearing a jump-suit that reads "Lawbreaker", rendezvous with a carload of super-cool Yakuza and their female captive in the woods. But, when the Yakuza heaves refuse to free her, prisoner KSC2-303 declares he's a feminist, and coolly guns down one of the gangsters,

only to discover that in *The Forest Of Resurrection*, the dead don't always stay dead. Immortal Samurais, gun-toting Yakuza zombies, acrobatic kung fu and blood, blood, blood, what more could anyone want?" - Matt McMillan

November 26th (Japanese Horror Series)
Uzumaki (2000)
Japan, directed by Higuchinsky with Eriko Hatsune, Fhi Fan. 95min, 35mm.
Based on the wildly popular horror manga, Uzumaki is not for the faint of heart. Kirie is a normal girl in a normal town, so she thinks, until one day everything in that town begins to revolve around vortexes, basically anything that resembles a spiral. As things get more and more bizarre and her friends and family are being affected in horrible ways, Kirie begins to discover how horrifying spirals can really be, by watching them all die.

December 3rd (Double Bill)
À Ma Soeur/Fat Girl (2000)
France, directed by Catherine Breillat, with Anai Reboux, Roxane Mesquida and Libero De Rienzo. 93min, 35mm.
A provocative and shocking drama about sibling rivalry, family discord and relationships. Elena is 15, beautiful and flirtatious. Her less confident sister, Anaïs, is 12, and constantly eats. On holiday, Elena meets a young Italian student who is determined to seduce her. Anaïs is forced to watch in silence, conspiring with the lovers, but harbouring jealousy and similar desires. Their actions, however, have

unforeseen tragic consequences for the whole family. - imdb.com

December 3rd (Double Bill)
Baise Moi/Rape Me (2000)
France, directed by Coralie and Karen Lancaume and Rafia Anderson. 77min, 35mm.
Based on the book of the same name, Manu and Nadine lose their last tenuous relationship with main-stream society when Manu gets raped and Nadine sees her only friend being shot. After a chance encounter, they embark on an explosive journey of sex and murder. Perhaps as a revenge against men, perhaps as a revolt against bourgeois society, but certainly in a negation of all the codes of a society which has excluded, raped and humiliated them. Controversial for its violence and real sex scenes: a vividly nihilist road movie set in France. - imdb.com

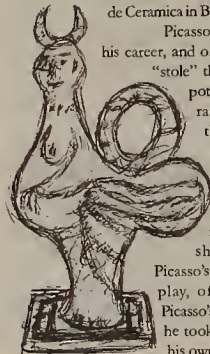
December 10th (Fall Closer)
Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind (2004)
USA, directed by Michel Gondry, with Kate Winslet, Jim Carrey and Kirsten Dunst. 108min, 35mm.
Ever wish you could just forget that horrible break-up? Or that girlfriend who you just can't stop thinking about? Joel and his darling Clementine have just broken up and unbeknownst to him, she decides to go through with a procedure to erase him from her memories. Shocked and upset, he goes through the same procedure in spite, but as he relives the memories during the procedure, he begins to have doubts, wanting to make things work out more than ever.

Review: Picasso and Ceramics

Qing Hua Wang gains a new perspective on clay at the U of T Art Centre

For many people, mere mention of the name Picasso conjures images of colourful canvases populated by florid characters and bizarre shapes. But in the new exhibit currently at the University of Toronto Art Centre, these same elements are seen in ceramic form. Picasso and Ceramics is a display of about 80 of Picasso's estimated 4500 ceramic works, and is the largest collection of Picasso's clay works ever seen in Canada.

The exhibit is organized by the Gardiner Museum of Ceramic Art, but since the museum is currently undergoing significant expansion and renovation, the collection has landed at the U of T Art Centre. The pieces have been gathered from private collections, Picasso's family, the Louvre, the Musée d'Orsay, the Musée Picasso in Antibes and the Museu de Ceramica in Barcelona.

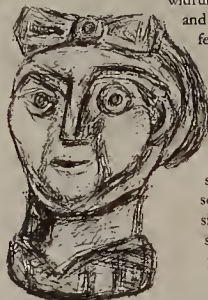


Female Faun
1947 or 1948.

Picasso worked in clay throughout his career, and often by his own admission "stole" things – inchoate pieces of pottery from the Madoura ceramics workshop in France that he crafted into new forms, ideas from his contemporaries, and inspiration from ancient Etruscan, Greek, and Cypriot ceramics. Several pieces showing his sources of Picasso's inspiration are also on display, often juxtaposed next to Picasso's versions to highlight where he took the ideas and made them his own. In some cases, though, it just seemed he rather shamelessly

copied the forms but applied fantastical designs in the decorative glazes.

His earlier pieces are simple in shape but very experimental in texture and decoration. Throughout the exhibit, Picasso's experimental spirit can be seen in the combination of glazes, oxides, and other textural techniques. He even played with unconventional media like milk and mud to create new surface effects.

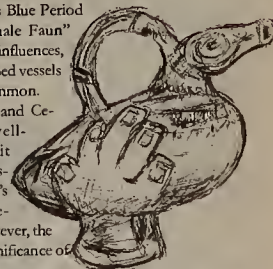


Head of a Woman (Large Sculpted Head with Bow)
1948.

the exhibit for \$5, but unfortunately photography is not permitted. As such, I took a few sketches of some of the pieces I found most interesting. "Flower Brick with Hands Grasping a Bird" is a large earthenware pot shaped like a bird, and is closely modeled after ancient forms. "Head of a Woman" is a striking sculpture decorated with layers of transparent blue glaze, a bit

reminiscent of his Blue Period paintings. "Female Faun" shows his Cypriot influences, where animal-shaped vessels or rhytons are common.

Picasso and Ceramics is a well-mounted exhibit showcasing a cross-section of Picasso's lesser-known ceramic works. However, the true scope and significance of the works are not sufficiently conveyed through the exhibit alone. The official show catalogue, an impressive and comprehensive \$80 tome, gives a better idea but is beyond the means of most university students. Nevertheless, this is a very worthy show and I would recommend all U of T students take a look, especially since admission is free with a valid T-card.



Flower Brick with Hands Grasping a Bird
1950 or 1951.

There are also a few enlarged photographs of Picasso working with clay and talking to other artists. Audio guides are available at the exhibit for \$5, but unfortunately photography is not permitted. As such, I took a few sketches of some of the pieces I found most interesting. "Flower Brick with Hands Grasping a Bird" is a large earthenware pot shaped like a bird, and is closely modeled after ancient forms. "Head of a Woman" is a striking sculpture decorated with layers of transparent blue glaze, a bit

What: Picasso and Ceramics
Where: U of T Art Centre, at UC
When: Now until Jan. 23, 2005; Tues-Sun 10am-6pm, Fri 10am-9pm, closed Mondays
How much: \$16 for adults; \$12 for seniors and students with ID; \$10 for children; free for children 4 and under; FREE for U of T students with a valid T-Card
More info: <http://www.gardinermuseum.on.ca/>, <http://www.utoronto.ca/artcentre/>

Sweet Sweet Victory

Rachel Farquharson explains how Innis stomps all over the Soccer competition



The Innis Women's Soccer Team has shown great promise for the 2004 fall season. In fact, **WE ROCK!!!** Actually...we have only played one game this season, but it was a victorious one. Our opponent is notorious for having disciplined athletic teams and when their army of women showed up, I could taste the bitter and humiliating flavour of loss in my mouth. Pharmacy is the team of which I speak, and they came to our battle approximately 17 women strong. However, much to our delight and their chagrin, the Pharmacy army played a weak game. Had they not taken their requisite performance-boosting drugs the evening before (deviously obtained from their labs, of course)? Regardless of what had or hadn't gone awry for the Pharmacy team, Innis played well with only 10 women: exactly enough to fill all positions on the soccer pitch. In all fairness, Pharmacy came back with a good smack-bottom in the second half (mostly due to their overwhelming number advantage).

Some names worth mentioning are: Captain Breeda Buckley, whose leadership and control of the ball helped her score both of our two goals. Lieutenants Jenny Raven (who traded her mad tennis skills for some good headers) and Ashley Smith played an awesome rookie game, and General Steph Slickers was right where she belonged (between the pipes). Colonel Taryn Diamond, although injured, put in a strong first half as a winger, and we are all glad that Sergeant Anjali Rastogi came out of retirement to play with us as left midfielder. Congrats to all of the veterans and newbies on the Innis Women's Soccer Team!!!!

Innis Café

75¢

better than those other guys

this coupon is good for **75¢** off any café purchase over \$5

now you have no excuse!

75¢

This coupon has no cash value. Valid until December 31, 2004. May not be combined with other coupons. Don't rip off the café!

The Dark Side of Gold

...continued from the front page

The fisherman is a powerful character. He is clever, assertive, passionate and brave as he faces the mining company, taking his case all the way to Australia – with the filmmaker's help – and speaking to the company directors.

Hegeudus offers a fairly balanced argument. He visits the mine in Baia Mare, Romania (with Balasz in tow as a 'sound guy'), to learn what actually happened. Cyanide is commonly used to extract gold from rock; the resultant waste is processed to remove the cyanide, which is then recycled. In the Romanian case, it was kept in a large, unstable open dam. While this is more acceptable in the hot and dry Australian outback, Romanian winters are cold and unpredictable. Rapid thawing caused the dam to overflow which caused the disaster. The manager at the Romanian site explains that this will not happen again, that they will take precautions, but gives no concrete evidence to his claims.

Balasz is determined to have some good come of the situation. After speaking to the director in Australia, he presents him with his treasured fishing knife, as a symbol of hope and integrity, and perhaps to humiliate the executive just a little.

Back in Hungary, Balasz has become head of the fishing co-op. He takes it upon himself to organize fishermen from other Tisza co-ops to gain support for the case he hopes to make against the company. Meanwhile, we see Balasz at home with his fiancée, struggling to make ends meet and maintain his relationship as he obsesses over the case.

How much can one man achieve? The fishermen's claim against the company is building momentum, and hopefully will go to court someday. The river is slowly beginning to regenerate itself, but the enormous carp of the past are still a long way away. A disaster like this must be averted in the future, and that's what *Inheritance* hopes to achieve.

Pre-emptive action is also at the heart of the second film, Tibor Kocsis' *New Eldorado*. Europe's biggest gold mine is about to open in Rosia Montana, Romania, financed by a Canadian company, Gabriel Resources. The very

same open cast technology that caused the Tisza disaster in 2000 will be used to store the cyanide waste water, only this one is a hundred times bigger. Kocsis' film is composed of every day citizens of Rosia Montana. The citizens trace back the town's history to Roman times, when the gold was originally discovered. While extraction until now was relatively small-scale, the company now wants to mine intensively in a vast area approx 8km wide and 400m deep. Four mountains must be demolished. People of this town are slowly being bought out by



Four mountains will be destroyed.

the company with offers of relocation and new houses in other parts of the country. Hungary is concerned about a repeat disaster. What's more disturbing is that the project is not officially allowed to commence, as the Environmental Impact Assessment is incomplete and yet to be approved by the Romanian government. Nonetheless, with arrogance and aggression, the company is doing all it can to rid the area of its residents.

Poverty in Romania is a simple fact, and

the country is in dire need of investment and development. A Canadian company is taking advantage of this and of the country's poor environmental legislation to reap the most possible benefits. Worse, the Romanian government only owns 19.3% of the project, with the rest going back into Canada. As for the technology to be used, the mining executives claim they will employ the highest standards, while proposing models that are well below EU limits. The mine's lifespan will be 17 years, after which the area will be 'returned' to some sort

years. Residents firmly believe that no amount of jobs or gold are worthwhile if the result is destruction. The gold is better off where it is, they say.

This might seem a surprising attitude from a country so in need of development. We may have something to learn from Eastern European experience. As countries in transition, their value system, including environmental values, doesn't correspond with western capitalist values. As the west and the E.U. impose upon these countries their own paradigm of development, not only is social and environmental degradation imminent, but major opportunities for local solutions are lost.

People throughout Romania are opposing the project and attempting to come up with ways to fight the company. The most basic solution is for people to refuse to sell their homes. Only 38% of the properties have been purchased, and the company cannot force relocation. Another solution is to bring tourism to this incredibly beautiful area. Media awareness campaigns are underway, and both the Romanian and European parliaments are alert to the problems. As well, people everywhere can educate themselves about the practices behind gold mining. In fact, enough gold has already been mined to satisfy the world's needs.

There are so many angles to this story. Human rights, conservation, risk management, rural development and international relations are all important factors that must be considered in trying to understand the issues. The *Globe and Mail* has caught wind of the story, as have other major news sources. The screening at Planet in Focus definitely broadened the campaign's horizons, and interest is only increasing.

To find out more about Rosia Montana, visit <http://www.rosiamontana.org/> and <http://www.rosiamontana.bome.ro/>. To learn more about the hazards of gold mining, visit <http://www.nodirtygold.org>. To become involved in the Canadian campaign, email Elena Dumitru: elendadumitru1983@yahoo.ca. Many thanks to Sorana Ciura for additional information.

From Europe to Toronto

An Analysis of Haute Couture by Kaitlin Bardswich

It's all a conspiracy. And no, I'm not talking about JFK's assassination or what's *really* in those Big Macs you love. Oh no – I'm discussing, or at least attempting to discuss, the incredibly close proximity that U of T finds itself to Yorkville and such high end stores as Chanel, Gucci, and Prada.

As opposed to certain European capitals, the Toronto salesperson knows if you're poor. Or a student. Well, really, the terms are synonymous (as I, a first year student, suspected and recently confirmed). In Europe, and I can only speak from my experiences in France and Italy on a longer than usual high school field trip, the shopkeepers treat you like gold. And that's probably because they think you're an eccentrically rich American. But



This much fun ain't cheap!

could probably sense that. Like dogs, they smell fear. Said an

innocent and anonymous bystander, "Unlike most dogs I know, they were wearing thousands of dollars worth of designer attire."

One week in October, I decided to do some investigative reporting. Wearing my Old Navy jeans, a light pink t-shirt, pull-over white knit sweater, and toting a Roots umbrella (hey – it was raining!), I ventured into the fashion district of Toronto. I wasn't exactly sporting fashionable attire, but I figured everyone would see through my knock-off Christian Dior purse that I bought in Paris specifically for the purpose that I could say, "This is my Dior purse from Paris!" Anyways, back to the point of this whole tangent. As soon as I walked into those stores, I felt out of place, and very awkward. Those salespeople

Nonetheless, I enjoy looking at the fashion; I enjoy staring wide-eyed at the prices, with thoughts of who-could-possibly-afford-that-I-mean-seriously-there-are-starving-children-in-the-world (that would be my IR courses talking). I think I need to shop (well, the correct word would be browse) in these stores with a bunch of friends for protection – you know, travel in packs like wolves... then it will be the wolves versus the dogs – who will win??? (insert dramatic dum-dum-dum music)

So why, may I ask, is Gucci practically next to Grand and Toy? Why does Chanel rub shoulders with the ROM? Why is Prada mingling with Chapters? My eureka moment came when I was strolling in Yorkville, possibly being the only university student there (just exploring, I might add) amidst a slew of well-coiffed, well-dressed elites. And my conclusion? U of T is so close to haute couture stores and businesses to compel us to study harder and harder so that, one day, we can pull in sky-high salaries and afford to buy something there.

That is, if we actually want to.

Reality Check

Matthew Lau serves up a big helping of truth

When I was in kindergarten, I made many assumptions about girls, school, friendship, and pretty much life in general. Of course, I was young then, and there is no reason to believe that any of these suppositions do in fact have basis in reality. So now that I am a decade and a half wiser and three years into my fancy post-secondary education, I feel it is time for a reality check. Here are some of the presumptions I held back in kindergarten, and the reality check, 2004.

1. **Kindergarten:** Girls are mean, weird, and smelly. And they have cooties.

Reality Check, 2004: Girls are mean, weird, and smelly. I'll be nice and not talk about the cooties.



Universal

2. **Kindergarten:** If you give candies to other people, they will become your friends.

Reality Check, 2004: If you give candies to other people, they will become your friends.

3. **Kindergarten:** If you miss class and the cookie they give out, you can make up for that by just having one at home.

Reality Check, 2004: If you miss class, you can make up for that by having a cookie at home.

4. **Kindergarten:** Teachers that are good are those who give out candies.

Reality Check, 2004: The good teachers are all in kindergarten.

5. **Kindergarten:** If you beat up other people, girls will like you.

Reality Check, 2004: If you beat up other people, girls will like you. In fact, they have a team of these people at every school, and they go around beating up other teams on a big field. They get all the girls.

6. **Kindergarten:** If I can do nothing but play games all day, I would be happy.

Reality Check, 2004: If I can do nothing but play games all day, I would be happy.

7. **Kindergarten:** My mom can read my mind.

Reality Check, 2004: My mom can read my mind. Or, at least, she can tell me what is really on my mind, contrary to what I may think ("Trust me, you really want to be a doctor").

8. **Kindergarten:** The one who watches cartoons and plays Lego with me is my best friend.

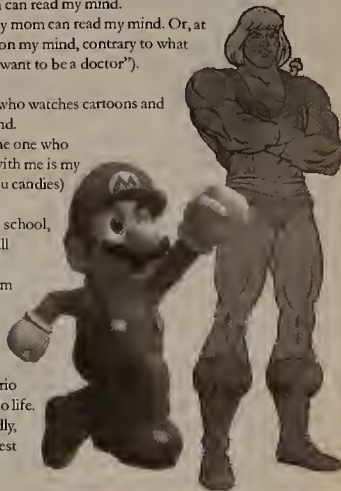
Reality Check, 2004: The one who watches cartoons and plays Lego with me is my best friend. (Anyone? I will give you candies)

9. **Kindergarten:** If I go to school, work hard, and get lots of As, I will become rich.

Reality Check, 2004: I am not going to become rich. But at least I can play games all day and be happy.

10. **Kindergarten:** Super Mario and He-Man are the best there are to life.

Reality Check, 2004: Sadly, Super Mario and He-Man are the best there are to life.



Mario and He-Man: as good as it gets.

Same-Sex Marriage revisited

...continued from front page

The Supreme Court of Canada has articulated as much in its doctrine for the judging of Charter cases, stating that it is upon the offending government to prove that any rights infringements are "justified in a free and democratic society." All the arguments against same-sex marriage are, however, completely without any moral, legal, or intellectual value. I will attempt to examine the most popular arguments here.

The most popular defense of the ban on same-sex marriage would seem to be that marriages have always, since time immemorial, been between a man and a woman to the exclusion of all others, and that through sheer force of history the "sanctity" of marriage should be left intact. The foundation upon which this argument is based is patently wrong, and the conclusions it attempts to reach are nonsensical. From an historical perspective, one man and one woman only have simply not consistently dominated marriage. Evidence of homosexual marriage ceremonies has been documented from the earliest time periods of *Homo sapiens*, and same-sex marriages continued to occur in Europe until the dominance of Christianity led to their suppression. In societies in which Christianity was not dominant, such as in North American First Nations and African tribes, same-sex marriage was also practiced. Those who claim that marriage has always had one form are misinformed: definitions of marriage are as diverse as the world itself.

Even if one accepts that marriage has always had a single, uniform definition, however, it hardly logically follows that such a definition can never be changed. Many institutions have been forced to adapt as certain of their aspects lose their compatibility with modern attitudes of liberal-democracy. "Why is it," Supreme Court Justice Ian Binnie incisively asked a lawyer of a religious group, "that the divine right of kings has to give way to constitutional change but marriage doesn't?" To insist that institutions remain static and unchanging is to transform history into a trap that will permanently obstruct societal progression.

That the list of opponents of same-sex marriage is so filled with religious organizations is a very clear indication that a large portion of the opposition to same-sex marriage is founded upon religious conviction. Religious arguments are, however, completely ir-

relevant in a secular state such as Canada, in which Church and state are separated. No religious group, or confluence of religious groups, has the right to impose the views of its faith upon the Canadian populace as a whole. Some have also attempted to argue that marriage is fundamentally a religious ceremony and that, therefore, marriage should be placed within the

© Cartoonbank.com



"Gays and lesbians getting married—haven't they suffered enough?"

exclusive purview of organized religions. This is just completely wrong; marriage predates all modern religions, and remained the exclusive territory of the state until almost the 18th century. Religious involvement in marriage is in many ways a very recent and anomalous occurrence. Those who dislike or desire to change the secularism of the Canadian state are entirely free to purchase a plane-ticket to Iraq, where they will certainly not need to tolerate same-sex marriage.

Another argument that is frequently advocated is that the purpose of marriage is exclusively procreation, and that same-sex couples, who are not able to reproduce, should therefore be excluded. This argument is as stupid as it is easy to dismiss. If

one were to follow this argument, then the handicapped, the sterile (for various reasons, such as, for example, ovarian cancer), and the elderly would also need to be excluded from marriage. One might even then go so far as to require reproduction from all married couples, which would be an absurd proposition. Many would argue, however, that marriage, within the popular consciousness, is no longer about procreation, but about the expression of love between two people. Romeo marries Juliet because he loves her, not because he believes in the superiority of her fertility. Those who attempt, to use Justice Binnie's words, "to reduce the whole thing [marriage] to procreation", are in many ways trying to obscure and restrict the true nature of marriage in modern society.

The final argument upon which I will touch states that the acceptance of same-sex marriage is a "slippery slope", which will eventually lead to the legalization of polygamy and pedophilia. To this, one may simply reply that different issues can be addressed separately, and that one change to an institution does not logically and automatically result in others. Canada may, for example, contemplate the lowering of a tariff barrier against French importations without fearing that she will be forced along a slippery slope to complete free trade with France. If one were to follow the "slippery slope" argument to its logical conclusion, then the reduction of a single tariff barrier against any one country would lead inevitably and inexorably to complete and total free trade with every country in the entire world. Surely no one with any pretensions to sanity would accept the validity of such an argument.

Given the irrationality of all the arguments that are made against same-sex marriage, it perhaps comes as very little surprise that superior court judges throughout Canada have universally rejected them. Opponents of same-sex marriage have failed utterly to justify the societal need to infringe upon the rights of gays and lesbians. With such an overwhelming jurisprudential precedent building against the ban on same-sex marriage, one suspects that conservative groups would be well advised to surrender this issue and focus instead on projects to which they are better suited, such as demanding tax cuts. In the meantime, the rights of gays and lesbians should be restored by legalizing same-sex marriage in every jurisdiction in Canada.

Vocabulary Malfunction Causes a fuss at *Casuistry: The Art of Killing a Cat*

Michele Costa examines a controversial issue

Scandals and controversy in the media are often caused by actions, statements, massive amounts of alcohol and/or spontaneously revealed breasts. It's not often that there is media coverage of a controversial issue that is almost entirely the result of a simple lack of a dictionary. On Tuesday, September 14th, at the Cumberland theatre, as part of the Toronto International Film Festival, this did in fact happen. Count-

less people got countless pairs of panties in a twist over an issue they did not even understand, h a v i n g

much to do directly with one misunderstanding word. The word was 'casuistry,' from the title, *Casuistry: The Art of Killing a Cat*. This film, directed by Zev Asher, is a documentary of sorts, covering an event that happened a few years back in which most people in Toronto are familiar. In May of 2001 Jesse Power, ex-vegan, a student at a pre-pencil crayoned OCAD, with help from two of his friends, skinned, tortured, and killed a cat while videotaping it. This may have been part of a project he intended to hand in to school, no one can really know at this point. There are only some facts we know absolutely – mainly those that are videotaped. There are also a hell of a lot of opinions, viewpoints, justifications, accusations and mainly – emotions. *Casuistry: The Art of Killing a Cat* attempts to give a voice to all sides, composed mainly of various interviews.

The film itself is mainly a failure in its own composition, successfully convincing the viewer of not much other than the fact that Asher clearly took some sort of badly-taught class in graphic montages. It was most definitely successful in getting a crowd out, however. Most of this crowd was across the street from the theatre, with signs and a slightly broken megaphone. These protestors, many affiliated with 'Toronto's Grassroots Animal Rights Group' who call themselves 'Freedom For Animals,' organized day-long rallies with hundreds of people standing in Yorkville in the way of

countless Louis Vuitton-clad women shouting "Shame!" for hours on end. In my opinion these people were not successful in accomplishing anything besides showing themselves to be entirely uninformed. In fact, they showed that they were *refusing* to be informed. I spoke to a few of them, and explained that *after* we'd all seen the film I'd be perfectly willing to argue with them. Their response, from the words of

one protestor: "I don't need to see a film to know that it's awful". So apparently a viewpoint of "I don't want any information; I've already made up my mind" is acceptable in political and social

discussion. Fantastic. These protestors walked the line, telling all of us that they knew for a fact that this film was made by a friend of Power's, and that the proceeds were going to Power himself. They told us that portions of the video Power shot were included, and essentially told us that if we saw the film, we supported Power and animal cruelty.

I do not support animal cruelty; I have cats; I became a vegetarian when I was 12 years old, and I think what Jesse Power did was incredibly sick, twisted and unforgivable. I also

possibly justified this to himself, what he was trying to say, and how completely wrongly he went about it. The film discusses factory farming and cruelty to those animals not always thought of as cuddly and cute. It discusses animal abuse laws in Canada, America and Europe, including interviews with police officers that were involved in the trial and sentencing – which definitely leave the viewer angry and horrified at the incredibly small punishments for people charged with animal rights abuses. In no way was this film a celebration of what Jesse Power did, or an explanation of how you too can learn to kill a cat. Nor was it the actual video Jesse Power made. Still, many animal-rights organizations' websites published this kind of false information. Many of the protestors were

telling people in line, as well as the general Yorkville public, this fake information. I'd guess that almost every single one of the protestors there had no idea what they were arguing against. I'd also guess that they would likely have actually been incredibly supportive of the film if they'd just watched it! Quite ironically, it was saying many of the same things they were. Yet, they didn't see it, they argued and argued against it and even called in death threats and bomb threats to TIFF organizers if they didn't pull the film.

And why were they so misinformed you ask? Well, it has a hell of a lot to do with the fact that no one knows what *Casuistry* means. Since the film was sub-titled *The Art of Killing a Cat*, many people just assumed *Casuistry* must have meant something along the lines of instructional, or step-by-step. They assumed this film was about killing cats, which must obviously mean they don't think very highly at all of the Toronto Film Festival if they really thought the organi-

zation would allow such a film to screen. Yet they just went with that first interpretation, magic marker-ed their signs and spread false information all over town. I understand this isn't rare, and is generally just how the world works, but it's almost amusing in a way that so much of the hype and emotional arguments could have been avoided with a proper understanding of this rare term. *Casuistry* (kazoosty) (the word appearing in almost all dictionaries above the word "cat") means:

"The application of general principles of morality to definite and concrete cases of human activity, for the purpose, primarily, of determining what one ought to do, or ought not to do, or what one may do or leave undone as one pleases; and for the purpose, secondarily, of deciding whether and to what extent guilt or immunity from guilt follows on an action already posited."

In the words of one film festival organizer this film attempted to exam-

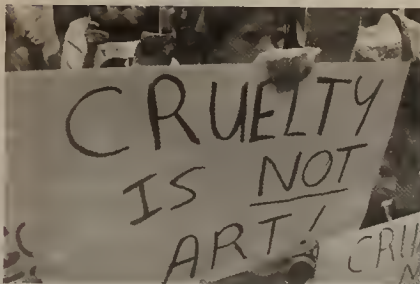
ine the 'opaque logic' of the act. I really do not think any even somewhat intelligent individual would link this directional intention in any way with the support or encouragement of violent killing of cats. If this were true then essentially all films made in the Holocaust are encouraging that type of behavior to continue, which we all know isn't true.

The protestors ignored all of this, as well as any hint of the truth. In the question and answer portion of the night after the screening, people asked Zev Asher about the accusations from the people outside and he adamantly dismissed them assuring us he was not a friend or associate of Power, and that he thought him to be a very sick individual.

At the end of the evening one obviously upset viewer yelled out: "Anyone who thinks this film encouraged animal cruelty, put up your hand!" Of course no one did...because it didn't. None of the protestors knew that, however, because they were outside with countless signs, cheers, homemade t-shirts and one megaphone...but no dictionary.

"I never got to eat this cat, but a lot of other people are feasting off it."

– Jesse Power



see that he was an animal-rights activist in at least some capacity for some time – that evidence is documented. He was vegan, he claimed to love animals...so how did he rationalize this act? This film is an exploration of how he

Jon Stewart's sexy brain

Vanessa Meadu confesses a crush

Jon Stewart is a force to be reckoned with. He's quick, smart, hilarious and oh so dreamy. My secret crush on Jon Stewart isn't a secret, nor is it unique. It seems that he's the crush-du-jour for all slightly nerdy left of centre types. I don't catch his show often – being a netdy type, I'm usually asleep by then – but when I do, it's his non-stop amusement and pleasure. In that order.

Recently, Jonny went on a nasty CNN show called *Crossfire*. The premise of this ridiculous piece of media trash is 'debate' between the Left and Right, with appropriately polarized hosts Paul Begala and Tucker Carlson. Needless to say, this show is probably one of the most frustrating things on TV, more annoying than *Everybody Loves Raymond* and Dubya's campaign speeches com-

bined. Ew. So Jon Stewart goes on *Crossfire* to talk about his new book, *America (The Book): A Citizen's Guide to Democracy Inaction*. Carlson immediately accuses Stewart of being partisan, calling him John Kerry's 'butt boy', in an attempt to spark some reactionary crossfire-style 'debate'. Instead, Stewart attempts to engage the two men in a real conversation about the media, its manipulation of issues, its role as a



Nobody's butt boy.

political player, and its responsibility to the public. He asks the two men to "stop hurting America," accuses them of dishonesty and partisan hackery, and begs them for real debate. The *Crossfire* boys don't like this. They try to change the subject. Carlson says he prefers Stewart when he's funny. They finally cut to commercial when Stewart's questions start to rub them the wrong way. After some serious barbs, Stewart calls Carlson a dick and that's the end of that. For now.

Stewart clearly thinks about his role in the media. He's a facilitator of ideas, he brings perspective and criticism to the public discourse. And he makes us laugh our asses off in the process. He is an important figure in the US media, more important than he gives himself credit for. He claims to host a 'comedy show', but when comedy is more truthful than the news, something is seriously amiss.

Stewart's *Crossfire* visit is worth watching (it's all over the Internet). It's probably the most frustrating moment I've seen on TV in awhile, but it underlines some serious issues with the media and American politics. As a bonus, we get to see Stewart's sexy brain at work as he argues and jokes with equal strength and effectiveness. Swoon.

Can Adbusters' Blackspot Unwoosh Nike?

Stephanie Silverman reports on the clash of the brandmarks

Vancouver, BC —Naomi Klein threw cold water on the idea, and there was widespread "lefty revolt" against it. Unfazed, Adbusters, the pioneering anti-consumerist magazine and activist network, has broken into the sneaker business. Surprised? Don't be, it's all part of a grassroots strategy for cleaning up sweatshops and dirty CEOs like Nike's Phil Knight.

Made in a fair-labor factory in Portugal and backed by a quarter of a million dollar marketing strategy, the Blackspot sneaker promises to shake up the much-maligned industry. It has a classic "neoconverse" look, organic hemp uppers, a bold, hand-drawn anti-logo and a red toe tip for, as the ad copy puts it, "kicking Phil Knight's ass".

In keeping with Adbusters' reputation for turning capitalism on its head, every pair of Blackspots comes with a unique shareholder number allowing wearers to vote on how The Blackspot Anticorporation is run. Shareholders vote on how the shoes are made, marketed, and how any profits are used. "It's an unfolding experiment in grassroots capitalism. It's an idea with the potential to give consum-

ers back their sovereignty over corporations," says Adbusters Founder and The Anticorporation's CEO, Kalle Lasn.

At the website, www.blackspotsneaker.org, there's a shareholder mission statement and a detailed profile of The Blackspot Anticorporation. It reads more like a manifesto than a corporate document but has clear business goals — like cutting significantly into Nike's market share.

The Blackspot marketing campaign, which launched October 15, uses judo-like strategies to turn the power of Nike's own PR thrust against them. It begins with cheeky billboards near Phil's headquarters in Beaverton, Oregon, followed by ads in The New York Times, Wall Street Journal, AdAge, Mother Jones, and others. 71/2- and 15-second TV spots will start airing on CNN, CBC Newsworld, MTV and FOX in November. All the ads and the kick-ass' marketing strategy are at: www.blackspotsneaker.org.

BLACKSPOT SNEAKER



With much chagrin, we interrupt this Opinions page to desensitize you to the idea of winter.

You think it's too early? You're wrong. It's on its way, whether you love it or not.

So dig out your coat and boots, practise walking in them and kiss your dirty flip flops goodbye.

Photo by Gill Cerbu

Los Prisioneros

Cristian Rossel says Canadians need to rock – Chile style!

Los Prisioneros are Chile's greatest rock 'n' roll band ever. I told that to a friend and he just laughed. "That's like saying, this year's soccer team is the best in Canadian history. Who cares?" Pinochet and wine are what comes to most people's minds when they think of Chile. Others might think of empanadas and smart, good looking journalists, but rock 'n' roll is probably nowhere on the list. But my parents are Chilean and I've been listening to Los Prisioneros ever since I can remember. So I scraped together \$35, realized I could get a free ticket if I wrote about it in the Herald and gave mine away to a friend. It's not easy convincing people to put money down for a Chilean rock band, even when it is the greatest rock 'n' roll band in Chilean history.

Los Prisioneros put out their first album in 1984, 11 years after Augusto Pinochet led a military coup and overthrew the first democratically elected Marxist in history, Salvador Allende. The country was going through a terrible recession, with sky high unemployment and inflation. By then the dictator's iron grip was starting to loosen, and massive street demonstrations were calling for his resignation. Jorge Gonzalez, the songwriter and lead guitarist and vocalist, was writing songs that lay bare the bitterness, irony and absurdity felt by the Chilean masses who knew (and know) that their share of the good life was illusory. *El Baile de Los Que Sobran*, (The Dance of the Left Overs) the band's most popular song, expresses the pervasive disillusionment in Chile at the time. It goes:

Hey, I know some stories about the future
Hey, the time when I heard them
was when I felt the most secure
Other people were given secrets
that you didn't get
Other people got that thing called education
They were asking for effort
They were asking for dedication
And for what, to end up dancing
and kicking stones
Join the dance of the leftovers
No one's ever going to miss us
No one ever really wanted to help us

I've never been that enamored by their music. Besides lacking polish, it's a little jumpy and the songs have a tendency to go on for too long. It's a strange mix of punk, rockabilly, synthesizers, ska, and techno. But Gonzalez is an exceptional songwriter. His songs are political because it would have been dishonest for him to write about anything else. Chile's short lived "socialist experiment" roused the desire for something better among the



working class, but its defeat and the subsequent bloodshed left a very cynical populace.

The band broke up in 1992 and Gonzalez, Claudio Narea (bass) and Miguel Tapia (drums) each delved into their own projects, none with great success. Gonzalez and Tapia reunited in 2001, and together with keyboardist Sergio Badilla they played as Los Prisioneros for the first time in almost 10 years in front of 140,000 fans. I was curious to see how they would play in a foreign city in front of a much smaller audience. Kool Haus' doors opened at eight. There were no opening bands but Los Prisioneros still managed to wait until 11:30 before hitting the stage.

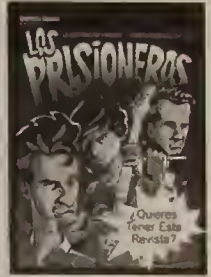
Toronto audiences suck. Everyone likes to say it's because so many great acts come through. We're so worldly, cosmopolitan, intellectual and cool that it's just impossible to impress us. I don't think it's much of an excuse, since everyone stands around, not dancing, no matter how

good or bad the band is. I understand that Canadians are reserved, but hundreds of people moping with their hands in their pockets make for a shitty show. Chileans, on the other hand, like to party. If you're going to get dressed up and pay a lot of money you might as well try to have fun, right? This, despite the fact that Chile is the most reserved country in Latin America. We don't salsa, samba, or tango. We're the England of South America. As far as Latinos are concerned, we're the most boring of the bunch. And yet, while Los Prisioneros were spending an hour and a half putting makeup on backstage, the entire crowd was singing along and dancing to the random mix of Spanish pop the club played to "warm us up". We probably did more singing and dancing while we waited for them to come on than most Torontonians do in their entire life.

Los Prisioneros put on a good show. It wasn't great - the place was only half full, they came on really late and barely played over an hour. But they played loud and hard and didn't miss any of their old hits. Gonzalez had us in the palm of his hand, hanging on to his every word. We all knew

this might be our only chance to see them live and that alone made us giddy with excitement. He could have read from the dictionary for half an hour and it wouldn't matter as long as they played *Tren al Sur*, *We Are Sudamerican Rockers*, *Porque No Se Van* and *El Baile de Los Que Sobran*. That said, there were some idiosyncrasies to the show. Besides the three members already mentioned, all of whom must be at least 35, there was a skinny, young blond guy in sunglasses playing guitar that looked like a shampoo model. No one knows where he came from, but his guitar playing certainly didn't add anything worthwhile and he looked totally out of place. Also, the new album they're promoting, *Manzana*, features a single called *El Muro* (the Wall), about the wall between the U.S. and Mexico. There is a little speech before the song and it's supposedly the highlight of the album. Gonzalez clearly feels like he has to live up to his status as a political songwriter. But whether or not the morality of immigration barriers is a worthy cause to sing about, the song is mediocre at best and it feels terribly forced. But these are minor things, really. We went to see the legends live and hear the hits we'd grown up with. They delivered and the show was lots and lots of fun.

Which is why there should have been at least one opening band. Thirty-five bucks for one hour and 15 minutes of live music is a lot, no matter how famous you are in Chile. But beyond that, we could have taught a few lucky Torontonians how to behave when you go out. Everyone talks about how multicultural this city is, but when it comes down to it, "non-ethnic" Torontonians usually don't go to "ethnic" things. (It's funny how "white" people don't get to have an ethnicity.) If Latin Vibes Productions had put in a little bit of effort and



gotten a couple decent Canadian bands then Kool Haus wouldn't have been half empty. As good as Los Prisioneros are, there's probably not enough Chileans in all of Ontario to pack the place. But if the Canadian bands were any good, then Canadians would have come. At first they would have been shocked and awed to see people dancing and enjoying themselves, but then they would have loosened up. They would have had a great time, told all their friends that it's OK to have fun, and the next time you went to a show you wouldn't be the only one yelling and dancing and having a great time.



You'll Bounce Back by Jennifer Charles

Sometimes you're not thick enough to go around.
You try to keep everything balanced,
By holding it up so high
On the tips of your fingers.
And it only makes time go a little slower,
And you get a little sketchier,
But generally become more at ease,
With the way it's going to work.
And how nothing ever really works
The way you would so sincerely like it to.
And all the chocolate in the world
Would only serve to make me more miserable in squares
Unless I could turn it all upside down,
And make it swallow itself
And stick out its tongue in bitterness and revulsion.
And I would say:
"Please remember to hand wash me,
For I am delicate and edged with lace.
Though a world of moths may erode me
I am beautiful."
And the fact that the music is too quick, and too loud,
And that there's no one here even if I wanted there to be,
Cannot be helped.
So you'll just have to get on with it.
Maybe then I will see you for what you really are.
That is, a rubber ball
Of luminous colours,
Bouncing repeatedly in front of my sun,
Casting shadows on my world,
And rainbows in others.
I'd drink the world with a straw,
If it were runny, and sweet and slightly fizzy
Just so long as it always left me
As empty as I am now.
And I'd be completely fine with that.

132 Words By Friedrich Engels Wilder

Words cannot express
The sorrow that I feel
For the words you could not express.
So forgive me,
It was a conspiracy
Of the bourgeoisie.
But our friendship is strong,
Like bull.

running by Kaitlin Bardswich

i ask questions
i know the answers to,
i guard secrets
i know aren't worth protecting,
i live a life i've lived before.
hypocritical in my own misgivings,
defiant in my own rebellion.
afraid to take risks,
perhaps . . .
yet more afraid risks will take me.
running away,
forever quickening my pace,
but please,
please . . .
don't ask me to stand still,
don't ask me to stop,
for you might see right through me.

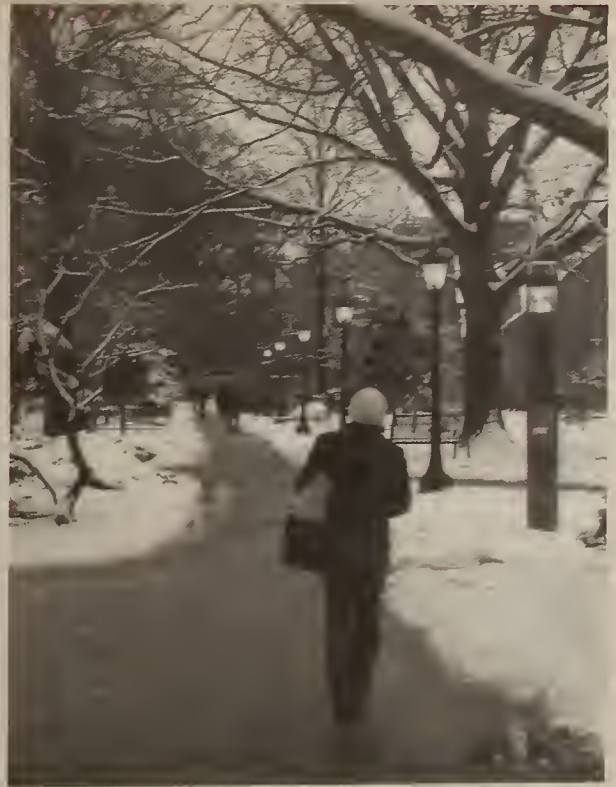




life settles down
after a while we all do
smoothing out the bumps and creases
shaking the smoky dust out
lifting up the chairs to vacuum under them
for the first time in two years.
I have to do it once in a while
clear out the excess
the stubs of pencils and the half finished stories
the loose leaves of white on my floor
hiding stained wood under useless prose
I am in there too
in a pile or a corner
clawing my way out of the mess

heart in the city
stretches out over grey streets
it touches nothing

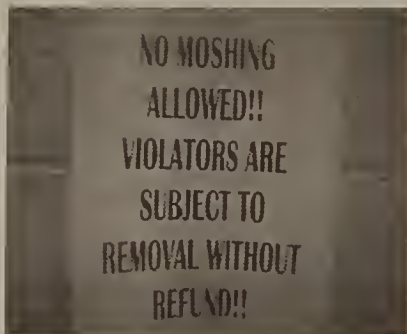
how quickly I slip back into this
the city and all its miseries
groaning and complaining and pushing me along
as I move inside the thing
I want to find it again on grey streets
the key to my sparkly sun heroes against brick walls.



Poems on this page by Emily Twiddy
All photos by Gilian Cerbu

Rock Etiquette is not an oxymoron – 10 Pet Peeves Chandler Levack gives a lesson on moshing manners

Demonic twin lesbians, contemplative thirty something alt-country quintets, egomaniacal NYC hipsters – chances are if you have tickers to these three venues, the audience is going to be a little more than varied. Having the excellent fortune to view 3 very different concerts in the past (ahem) 3 weeks, I feel that I must embark on my own knowledge on the proper actions of rock concert etiquette. While some may argue that the most important part of a concert is the very lack of manners that “rock environment” inhabits, there must be basic rules, or the experience will be likened to about the equivalent of a Limp Biskit LP. At the best of times the concert audience should be a closely knit (in the case of two out of the three shows I’ve viewed, way too close for my liking) family – albeit one that doesn’t urge the other to turn down their stereo at formal functions. At the worst of times, it’s tempting to think about the exact effect a 30-pound amp would have on the groping couple beside you. Don’t be that couple, instead listen and learn my top ten concert pet peeves:



1) Firstly, if you happen to be a 6’11 black man with an afro larger than my 14 year old brother, please don’t rush in front of me dramatically so I presume either your wife has gone into labour, or your long-lost twin from the North has been spotted in the crowd...and then proceed to stand *directly* in front of me. Even worse is asking sensitively after the fact if I can see. Have some courtesy to those on their tippy-toes (we all paid that 15 dollar fee to stand next to one another like crushed sardines) and step to the side.

2) People who buy the bands’ T-shirt and then proceed to wear said T-shirt over their previous one as a show of dedication. This is a degree of unparalleled lameness that I can barely express in words just how terrible it is...

3) Should-I-stand-or-should-I-sit syndrome, as experienced at the Wilco concert I went to last week. Either we are all standing through an hour and a half set together, or we are sitting. Please don’t confuse yourself and me by continually half-getting up to dance and then sitting back down at the next tempo change. If you want to rock your 40-year-old body to the music, I (unhappily, in the nosbleed section) cannot see. If you sit, it may be easier for the whole world to get along together in the microsphere I like to call Massey Hall. Make your choice.

4) It’s hard enough to sit in a cramped row created by 20 dollar hockey arena seats as is, so please don’t force us to get up time after time, because you think that you may have seen your friend Gerry oh wait, no it’s not him but he does kind of look like the guy you met in Calculus. There has to be a limit of how many times people can leave their seats during a set – probably twice is the absolute limit of decency. After this we succumb to the level of the more than annoying – I barely know any stranger enough to have them climb over my thighs more than two times, and after that, you had better be paying for a nice dinner somewhere on College street.

5) “Play Free Bird!” “Stairway!” – how old are you and what exactly are you doing in public again?

Clearly, these jokes have used, over used, regurgitated, and then organically composted through pop culture since these bands were first popularized by the mass media. You will never get a laugh without an interior monologue through someone’s mind that says “*What a moron!*” – so desist before it gets painful for the both of us. Sadly, what was innovative in the early 60’s must come to a screeching halt at some point – it is a fact of life. (As a sidebar, I don’t even know what “the new Stairway” comment would be anymore. Maybe “*It’s No Let the Dogs Out!*”, which personally, I would love to see done as a cover by Modest Mouse.)

6) Ooh, aren’t couples so adorable when they get into hugely dramatic spats in the middle of your third favourite song on the second to last album? Some people should just never be together, especially when they are wearing matching fleece sweaters. Don’t ruin my connection with the band by refusing to hold your boyfriend’s/life partner’s/insurance agent’s hand. This is where you are allowed to use your first escape – so get over it together and meet up in the bathroom after the second set.

7) This may not be a concert exclusive comment – but aren’t people who wear their sunglasses inside (especially darkened venues like – hey! – most concerts) totally pretentious? I spied an extremely tool-esque guy at the Interpol concert sporting huge aviators as soon as the band began. What was even sadder was that he didn’t even enter the concert with them on, but as soon as the band started to play, he grabbed them out of his little glasses case, polished them with a special cloth and put them on to “complete” his outfit just in time to party down. If there is no sun, sunglasses I tend to believe are rendered fairly useless. (The only exclusion: if you are a b-list celebrity on the verge of rehab, it’s probably cool. Who am I to deny Charlie Sheen his basic rights?)

8) Don’t you feel sorry for the people at the end of concert, who, after the lights have come up and cigarette butts and empty beer cans are exposed, are still milling around their seats, faintly hoping the band will turn up for a surprise “after hours” encore? I do believe in that empty hope (believe me, 90 percent of life is composed of that feeling itself) but it is more than slightly pathetic when you are the only one screaming and encouraging the rest of us who are exhausted to clap simultaneously for a band who are inhaling in their tour bus – well, whatever they choose to inhale after a show. It’s over, it was nice while it lasted. All you can do is close your eyes to their album and gasp over second hand smoke for an at home mosh up.

9) On the subject of second smoke (cigarette or otherwise), I would assume that an audience member should be aware of the stigmas these substances arise within the general public. So why, darling, must you blow your Virginia Slims smoke rings right in front of my face while I am trying to feign interest over the opening act? Why do people smoke at concerts at all in such close quarters? Are you such an addict, 15-year-old girl from Scarborough in a skin-tight Ramones T-shirt, that you cannot wait until the concert is over? Get this woman a patch and move on!

10) Lastly, those who try to head bang at the most inopportune moments or try to start a mosh pit where it is clearly just not going to happen. But then of course, they have painted themselves into a corner because everyone is now watching them try to “rock” unsuccessfully so they must vaguely mosh to themselves as a self-duty. I believe the correct rock movement in most situations is the slow head nod to the music, maybe some slight rocking of the hips – but never the completely lame “rock” hand motion as popularized by Nickleback concerts, which pretty much looks pathetic in every situation. It is overrated, dismal, and no one will ever look good doing it unless they appear in an Avril Lavigne video. (Which then becomes so bad it’s good, then bad again.)

With these tips in hand, you may now go forth grasshopper to rid the world of pretentious concert shrinks. I believe in you, may the good prosper at the next 50-dollar occasion near you!

“Le Sigh”

The Herald’s newest music correspondent, Paul Le Sad, sad about latest Interpol release

I encountered Interpol for the first time in Belgium. A (sadly former) friend presented me with an elegantly wrapped copy of the band’s debut, *Turn on the Bright Lights*. During the following weeks of machiatos, merlot, Baudelaire and Bataille, I fell in love with the album which had gradually become a soundtrack to my life. The debut’s dense, darkly hypnotic sound reminded me of the music I played to deal with the vicissitudes of existence: Joy Division and *Disintegration*-era Cure. The often opaque songwriting such as “because friends don’t waste wine when they’re words ... to sell” sounded like the twisted creations of my own haunted imagination.

I have been eagerly awaiting *Antics*, Interpol’s second release, for a year and a half. While the album is a decent album in its own right, it seems that Interpol has begun to move away from their richly mesmerizing guitar riffs. Although, especially in

songs such as “Public Pervert”, Interpol gestures towards the sonic density that was Interpol’s promise and gift to the current generation of *artistes modernes* who idolized British post-punkers such as the Smiths, the Cure and Joy Division, Interpol seems to have adopted more of a light-hearted sound, retreating somewhat from the gloomy landscapes they brilliantly created on their debut. This includes jumpier tracks more suited to the dancefloor than to the velvet upholstered bedchamber you use to write *symboliste* poetry while drinking red wine and smoking hashish. The album’s second track, “Evil”, sounds like a watered-down version of “Obstacle 2”, and except for the album’s closer, “A Time to be so Small”, *Antics* lacks tracks that produce the moody, hypnotic charm of “Untitled” and “NYC”. *Antics* features a few good tracks, but remains an artistic regression when compared to *Turn on the Bright Lights*. Once again I, Paul Le Sad, am disappointed by the world. I await the onset of ennui; ahhh la vie, c’est tres difficile.



Weakerthans/Constantines Concert Review Oct 3, 2004 - Guelph

David Marchese shares his concert experience

The first thing I noticed upon arriving at the University of Guelph's inert student centre was the lack of colour among the student body. Maybe this had something to do with the fact that all the students around were there to see a twin-bill of Canadian indie rock, but it was striking nonetheless. Amidst a sea of button-down plaid shirts and blond hair, I waited to enter the common room in which the show was being held. I envied the fact that the University of Toronto doesn't have more extra-curricular events that are as well-attended and alive with excitement, the way this one was. I might not want to be a part of it, but the fact that U of Guelph has a community is undeniable.

It took some time hassling with the promoter to get in. But, at the end of the night, which is when I traditionally take time to recap all the lessons I learned during the day, I was able to come up with two things to take away from the interaction. Firstly, I was able to reinforce my belief in the power of positive thinking. I was ready to give up and make the drive back to Toronto when my friend urged me to plead my case one more time (the promoter couldn't find my name on the guest list), and like a wish, without even asking, we were let in. The promoter's gruff, south-seas exterior couldn't hide his soft rock and roll heart. Secondly, the promoter's appearance now makes it possible for me to have an answer if someone ever asks me what Superfly Jimmy Snuka's unfit, burnout younger brother would look like.

I was eager to see both bands, especially the Weakerthans, who I had never seen. My critical objectivity may have been compromised on account of my traveling companion. He had heard the Weakerthans on disc and said they were the "worst band he had ever heard." He also had a story about a waiter at a diner

who said if he heard their album one more time he would commit suicide. But I had also been told they were a great live band, so I was prepared to go either way. I also had previous experience with the Constantines, having seen them open for Guided by Voices at a beer-soaked show two summers ago.

They had been referred to using adjectives like punk, soul, and Springsteen-esque. After seeing them play, I can understand why such adjectives were used, but I'm not sure the band has fully earned them yet.

Let's begin at the end. The Weakerthans were closing the show, which is hard to understand seeing as how the Constantines are from Guelph and, judging from the action at the t-shirt stand, the more popular band. But that's how it was. The Weakerthans. They seemed stuck riding the "Dookie" train, with a handful of prairie wheat in the lyrics and a shovel full of prairie flatness in the music. The Weakerthans are a nice band.

What could be

worse than that?

The Constantines are not a nice band. Their fire and passion precludes them from having to endure the ignominy of such a half-hearted label. The intensity is apparent in the physicality that comes from such a pale and skinny band. The rhythm guitarist's cheeks turned a wind-bitten red, and sweat stains formed almost instantly on the shirt of the keyboard player. The singer's eyes alternated between a wide-open look of exorcism and a close-eyed ecstasy. And their bassist might have the best moustache in Canadian rock.

The music comes at you in waves. The songs don't have hooks; hooks are too nice. These songs have barbs, nasty

little spikes that sink into your flesh and don't let go. A nondescript university assembly room seemed an incongruous place for the crashing-wave music and the shadowy-noir drama of the words. We should have been hearing them play in a smoke-stained basement bar that no one knows about, or an abandoned warehouse lit only by the red glow of the setting sun. Anywhere but a bureaucratic room rendered lifeless by its multi-purpose design.

The Constantines fought gamely to bring as much life as they could to the room. They do things during the show that at first seem silly, like playing the tambourine with serious intent, but then you realise there's no way the band is kidding and you can't help but be suckered in. Towards the end of their set they stood silently, facing the audience with their hands raised. I don't know what it was supposed to mean. Were they trying to say that they were one of us, or apart from us? Was it a show of vulnerability or strength? Whatever the intent, it was impossible to look away.

The band closed with a cover of the Ramones' "Bonzo goes to Bitburg". It was fun; it was funny; the singer couldn't

hit all the notes, and it was great. This closing gesture added an extra level of humanity to a band that was on the verge of seeming like a literary creation, almost too midnight, too much of a fever-dream to

be real. It was a show full of punk soul and pulp-fiction Springsteen, skronk and skank and space, all filtered through the heart of the Constantines. I doubt they'll be opening for anyone much longer.



Hate List

"No," says Steffi Daft, "hate is not too strong a word."

There is so much to hate on these days. The world is basically going to hell in an American handbag so some might argue that another document of hate is definitely NOT what our fragile society needs or wants right now. I disagree. And I hate on the people who say that. You're insane. And so are some of the following items on this installment of the Hate List.

(Don't forget that the Hate List is based on the precepts that everyone can dole out positive feedback but the negative ones are sometimes more important. The Hate List is thus a rating system based on how much something sucks. The ultimate suck rating is 4 "Q"s and so the ideal record or play would receive 0 "Q"s. Need an example? Well, most people would agree that the new *Blade* movie will probably suck so I can hate in advance and say it'll receive a rating of 4 "Q"s. On the other hand, Wes Anderson is amazing so his new movie will probably also rock and will therefore roll to a 0 to symbolically replace the absence of any "Q"s. Ipso facto, the aim is to have as few "Q"s as possible.)

Kryptonite Locks 4 "Q"s

I mean, a fucking bic pen? Come on!

Bright Young Things 4 "Q"s

When I read that this movie was based on Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies*, I should've known... known and walked away. This Stephen Fry-directed film is supposed to be a rollicking look at the privileged set of pre-World War II London who wake up from their non-stop party to realize they have empty lives. The horror! The camera skips around trying, I guess, to "capture" the frivolity of this snapshot of time; all it really succeeded in doing, however, was to annoy me. But, then again, I am a hater and there were good points to this film: 1. there's some original Pet Shop Boys music that was penned especially for inclusion here 2. it's a Canadian production and 3. it tries really hard to adapt a book that frankly should never have been touched. So kudos for effort but points off for final product. Go Canada!



The Hello Sequence - *Love and Distance* (Subpop) 4 "Q"s

Two dudes from Portland, Oregon, make music with harmonicas, pianos, guitars, and their own voices. They also obviously like computers, The Flaming Lips, and sweet, sweet melodies. If you like sweet melodic boys and the "Boys of Melody" is too much for you, then you just might like The Hello Sequence. I didn't but you might.

Ray of Light

- NOT MY STORY by Silvija Jestrovic, directed by Dragana Varagic presented by April Productions previews from October 28, Opens October 30, and runs to November 14
- Artword Theatre, 75 Portland Street (King/Bathurst).
- BIGGER THAN JESUS created by Rick Miller and Daniel Brooks, directed by Daniel Brooks and performed by Rick Miller previewing November 16 & 17, opening November 18 and running to December 12, 2004. Factory Theatre Mainspace, 125 Bathurst Street
- ONE GOOD MARRIAGE by Sean Ryevecraft previews from October 19, opens Thursday, October 21 and runs to November 7. Theatre Passe Muraille's Mainspace, 16 Ryerson Avenue.
- Clinic at Lee's Palace, 5 November
- Del the Funky Homosapien at the Phoenix Concert Theatre, 6 November
- Saul Williams at the El Mocambo, 11 November
- Lali Puna at Lee's Palace, 13 November
- Sufjan Stevens at Lee's Palace, 16 November
- Psychic TV with Career Suicide at the Funhaus, 18 November
- Hayden at Lee's Palace on 18 and 19 November
- Badly Drawn Boy at the Phoenix Concert Theatre, 26 November
- Feist at the Phoenix Concert Theatre, 2 December

Not that kind of 'cold meat'

Following their viewing of *Cold Meat Party* at The Factory Theatre, Josef Szende and Leonard Elias discussed aspects of the play

L: We walked into the theatre and found our seats while listening to old eighties tunes. It seemed curious that such a bland and British set could mix with eccentric tunes such as "Tainted Love" and "Video Killed the Radio Star." This opposition lasted throughout the play and helped define the characters.

J: While Leonard was worried about the set, I was much more concerned about going to see a play called *Cold Meat Party* with a vegetarian. You see, I'm a fan of cold meat myself. It turns out the characters were so fucked up not a single character trait of myself or Leonard could hold a candle to their complexity.

L: It's true, and I felt that the complexity of the characters helped show the opposition that is prevalent in this play. After all, a washed up homosexual pop-star, a right-wing MP, a mediocre film director along with all their various add-ons at an English bed and breakfast for a funeral seems to be playwright Brad Fraser's way of expressing his own unfamiliarity with writing a play without the profanity, nudity and unconventional aspects that made him so famous.

J: I could sense the playwright was in some unfamiliar territory. He had this 19-year-old girl, Nancy Proctor played by Erin Mackinnon, dressed and acting just a bit too much like Avril

Lavigne. But actually what I thought he did really well was take me into his world of Gen-X artists who really have had their lives screwed



up during the 80s. Maybe I'm reading too much into this, but I feel these characters grew up in a time where there were no jobs and they were all forced to be avant-garde artists to get noticed. The 80s Armageddon mentality shined through in that all the characters were driven to extremes of sexuality, drugs, and politics.

L: Contrasting the free will of the 80s artists was the constant presence of Dean, the right-wing MP played by Ron White, who, after judg-

ing the other characters for his entire life, found himself being judged by their morality. In the major action of the play, the audience learns that Dean wishes to castrate himself in hopes to free himself from the trauma of his unresolved sexual neuroses. The most interesting aspect about that was, unlike Dean, who actively opposed things he did not believe in, the other characters were frozen by their own belief in free will to stop him from completing his goal.

J: Well, that's the giveaway of the review. It'll be a month before the public reads this, the play will have closed, and thus you can't complain that we spilled the beans. That being said, when I was referring to "fucked up," Castro (as I like to call him) was about whom I was talking. Now when Leonard says "free will" he means sex obsessed. Every single character in the play does something weird sexually: gay guys cheat by going straight; the same guys then cheat on each other by hooking up with a single mother and her lesbian

daughter separately on the same night; and of course there's "Castro" the testicle-hating homophobic trans-sexual fundamentalist Christian politician. With all the crazy sex that was going on in this play (not live unfortunately) I was beginning to feel like my university experience is exceptionally tame.

L: All in all, this play touched upon a vast number of themes. That being said, I did feel that it wasn't until act two that these themes really gained a true form. The second act focused too much on the single aspect of living with an illness and lost its touch with the sexual energy the play had before. The first act was too vague and the second was too specific. That does not mean that I did not find the show highly entertaining and worth seeing. While the writing was at times just a little too fuzzy, I felt that the actors and director never lost sight of

their own vision and kept the play together. 4/5 stars.

J: I actually liked the fact it wasn't so deep that I was drowning in it the whole time. There was a nice mix of wordplay and plot twists in the writing. It's quite entertaining to have a touch of *Will & Grace* with the seriousness of a stage production sometimes. If not themes, per se, there were topics that affect my life and many people I know: cheating in gay relationships, gay marriage, HIV, cancer, the nature of art, and of course there was that not-so-subtle coffin onstage the whole time reminding everyone of death. I thought all the actors did a great job. I think there were two characters in the play that the playwright did not know well enough and were stereotyping: the aforementioned Avril Lavigne, and this British woman hosting everyone, although played excellently by Amanda Spencer, was a stuffy British stereotype as far as I was concerned. Therefore, using the arbitrary rating system of one demerit point for each hollow character: 3/5, bringing us to a total ranking of 7/10! Not bad for a play about a guy getting his balls cut off at a funeral.



Happy 110th Birthday to Harold Innis
(1894-1952) on November 5th!



Lingering On the Edge of Popular Culture with Clinic's Ade Blackburn Stephanie Silverman takes a tour of one band's unique musical world

Clinic hail from Liverpool but they live in a whole other world. They're one of the creepiest, funniest, most inventive and overall prettiest bands currently producing music. For example, their delicate, complicated music is performed only when the boys in the band are decked out in medical scrubs. The band members delight in this contradiction of sound, image, ideals, and aesthetics. Further, precisely because of the intended effects of this unique juxtaposition, they grant themselves the pleasure of taking a special delight in their cult-like following precisely because so few people actually get the joke... if it's a joke at all.



Singer Ade Blackburn says that it's precisely this dark wit that keeps both his band and their fans entertained.

It's possible that we on the Western side of the Atlantic aren't privy to this distinctly Monty Python-esque type of humour, but Blackburn shrugs it off as a surreal step out of the everyday that we should all try and accomplish.

"I think that the kind of humour in it is quite dark but it's also sort of more absurd as well," he says on the phone from his home in London. "You should be creative on all sides, visually, and not just stick to stunted, fair chorus music. There's a lot more you should do than that."

Clinic has been pushing the indie-rock envelope for

over four years now. Their debut album, *Internal Wrangler*, was released to much critical and popular acclaim. In fact, they rose through the competitive ranks of the independent British music scene so quickly that they were being touted as the next Radiohead - by Radiohead!

Their next record,

Walking with Thee, was a variation on their mish-mash sound of *Kid A* mixed with horns and percussions. The haunting single "Second Sex" became an underground favourite and is still known as a classic piece of experimental

Brit pop. The band's latest effort, *Winchester Cathedral*, builds on the now-signature Clinic sound without changing too many of the elements. Some critics have accused the group of sticking to the crowd-pleasing and familiar musical patterns so that this new album is more of *Walking with Thee* Again than a new body of

art. The worry is that the group has betrayed the hope of the hype namely because they could not or did not do what Radiohead did; namely, bear the fruits of musical genius in entirely new and wonderful ways with each album.

Blackburn, however, is very proud of his new release and points out that *Winchester* is "very rural and earthy-sounding. It's a lot more percussive and rhythmical than previous albums. It's almost got a primitive, tribal sound to it." He puts a lot of emphasis on remaining creatively exciting and so is taken aback by accusations that he acts otherwise: "I think that there are so many bands that just seem to sound like other bands, or on a treadmill where there is no imagination or invention to it. I think that's part of, or at least should be part of, the fun of actually



being involved in music."

He and the rest of the band are also certain that eventually the rest of the world will come to the Clinic party; but, if they don't, they're happy to remain on the periphery of fame.

Playing and recording "under the radar" suits this anti-establishment band quite nicely since, as Blackburn concurs, "I think that's definitely a choice... In a good sense, it's on the margins. If you look back, most of the good music that's been made in the mainstream is easily forgotten a few years later."

Nor are they clamouring for their own star to outshine the rest of the indie-rock galaxy since "we're not desperate in any way to try and get that type of audience because I think it probably wouldn't be something that they would stick with. I think that the type of people who are interested in the band are really into it and that's in keeping with the music."

So perhaps *Winchester Cathedral* and its accompanying tour won't propel Clinic into the floodlight of the stage of popular culture. It will, however, bring four lads in scrubs into a club near you and allow you to take a tour of their particular musical world.

PppEeeAaaCccEee at Theatre Passe-Muraille, October 5, 2004.

Put on your thinking caps, kids, because it's time to follow one of the most creative Toronto minds down his own personal looking-glass.

This play is all about ideas and how many can be squeezed into one act. The new brainchild of the eccentric, hip golden boy of Toronto, Darren O'Donnell, *PppEeeAaaCccEee* (their spelling, not mine - we'll just call it *Peace* from now on) is meant to be a philosophical comedy. It is funny in a moribund, off-the-wall way and it is philosophical in a Matrix/first-year way; however, it is also only three people standing in a line talking about their feelings. A better description of this production would be a three-person, one-act romp through O'Donnell's immensely creative and educated mind.

Peace jumps through time and space to follow three people as they navigate an unexplained revolution and try to identify their transformed selves in the New World. Of course, this concept isn't immediately clear and it's up to the audience to figure out what's going on. The sparse backdrop of a white spandex-y sheet draped over a few risers helps nary a confused observer. This set-up obviously gives almost nothing for the actors - Greg McArthur, Ngozi Paul, and Maiko Bar Yamamoto (a conveniently, multi-cultural/coloured bunch) - to work with as they simply speak to the audience for the first half of this 70-minute oeuvre; the action picks

up a bit in the second half when the threesome scamper about and there's a little music and singing. The actors rise to the challenge that this situation, which can only be described as a mental wilderness, puts in front of them. Their mutual affection is evident and their level of comfort and respect for each other manifests itself in their easy rapport. This cohesion amongst the members of this heavily experienced triptych of actors (they all have various production companies, awards, and other measures of theatrical success) is basically what holds this otherwise free-form work from exploding from its own ideas. This criticism is not to say that *Peace* is boring or loses attention of its



keen audience but rather that it is almost too imaginative, almost too packed with ideas. *Peace* tries to tackle too many ideas at once: revolution; love; sex; friendship; existentialism; Lacan; and many more big ideas are tossed into the O'Donnell medley just for fun. This isn't so much an example of trying to be everything to everyone, so much as every one of O'Donnell's ideas highlighted in every thing. If you're willing to accept the frenetic, self-serving nature of *Peace*, however, you will find underneath its surface an excellent vehicle for concepts and for the possibility of great acting.

Saul Has Come

Joshua Pineda reviews Saul Williams' self-titled sophomore album

For those who don't know, Saul Williams is one of the leading poets of his generation. Drawing his influences

from his sublime meditations on the nature of relationships and the figure of the woman from his work *She* and shows that Williams' focus as a poet has moved increasingly towards issues affecting the African American community in America. Williams constantly deals with issues such as the construction of the "black" identity in America (with tracks such as "Black Stacey") and the relationship between representations of the "Black man" and commercial hip-hop culture (in tracks like "Grippe" and "PG"). Williams' messages, though somewhat preachy (like Common and Dan-E-O before him, Williams often succumbs to the annoying tendency in "conscious" heads to anthropomorphize Hip-Hop), never lose their force due to Williams' mastery of the English language. Lines like "Cause angels and mess-ahs/ love can come in many forms / in the hallways of your

projects / or the fat girl in your dorm" are examples of the dazzling wordplay that Williams' fans have come to expect from him. Saul's numerous gifts as a poet, the gifts of a poet in full mastery of his artistic powers, are always wrapped in a voice that can smolder with intensity or wail with the pain of a hurt child. There's fire in Williams' voice, a fire that forces his listener to accept the greatest gift a poet can give, the beauty of the spoken word.



from sources as diverse as beat poets of the 60's (especially the late Allen Ginsberg) and the Sufi mystics, Saul's poetry has been receiving wider recognition since the release of the groundbreaking, award-winning movie *Slam* in 1998. His most recent album, the follow up to 2001's critically acclaimed *Amethyst Rockstar*, is a compelling piece of poetry. Despite a lack of commercial recognition (due to Saul's reluctance to drop the title of 'poet' in exchange for the more marketable tag of 'MC'), Williams' musical endeavours are the finest examples of his work, showcasing the verbal inventiveness, performance skills, and complex internal metrics that are Williams' greatest strengths as a poet.

The self-titled album features mostly unpublished material (the poetry from *Amethyst Rockstar* was mostly taken from Williams' published early work *The Seventh Octave* and

In Tepid Water: hot water music by The New What's Next, Epitaph Erin Rodgers reviews an album, and insults her parents

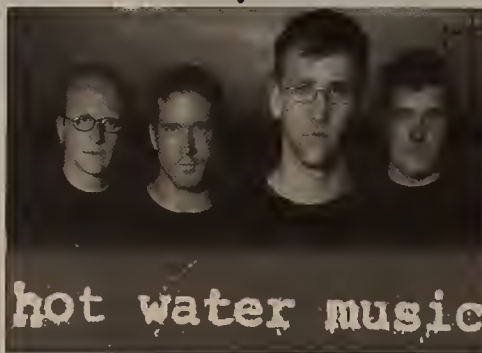
I tried to get into the right mood to enjoy this album. I tried to commune with my former punk rock(ish) self. I stomped up and down the stairs. I called my parents and told them they didn't understand me and that I never asked to be born. Then I went to the park and drank a 40 of Olde English. People just looked at me, trying to decide whether I was some kind of hobo. Unfortunately, despite this quest, I still don't get this album.

It's not that it's specifically bad, it's just that it doesn't excite me, or anger me, or provoke any of the reactions music is supposed to. It's just okay. There are a few songs that are quite catchy, like, "This Early Grave" and "End

of the Line" for example, but they're not catchy enough to really separate themselves from the pack.

Picture opening acts you've seen at great shows. They sound pretty good at first. Then the headliner comes out and blows them away. By comparison the openers are simply another mediocre band without anything original to say. This album suffers the same fate. Why should I listen to "Almost Bad

Religion" when I can just save myself the time and listen to Bad Religion? Now if you'll excuse me I've got to go call my Mom and apologize.



Concrete Blonde by Mojave

Francis Bourqui ponders the big questions in life, reviews a CD



You know, I really love this time of year. The weather is cooler, the leaves are changing colors, Halloween is approaching and Turkey day is always a guarantee of really good food. But as all students know, it is also a time of great dread. Mid terms approach and stress levels start to rise. Every time my October tests/essays/assignments are due, I always ask myself questions like "Where did all the time go?", "Was it worth it?", "Does this meat smell funny?" If you ask yourself the same questions, hopefully you realize early enough that its time to put down the bottle (or whatever other vice you have) and start hitting the books. Tell yourself that this year it will be different. That you are going to succeed and try to convince yourself that all your time was not entirely wasted. But it probably was, just like it would be if you listened to this CD. Looks like I have some major cramming ahead of me.

-Frantastico



Boah!! Showtime for Diz

Ju Money (the #1 Papa Dun DaDa) loves and hates the new Dizzee Rascal Album

Around a year after sweeping every music critic in the world off of his or her feet and waltzing off with the UK's coveted Mercury Prize with his stunning debut *Boy in Da Corner*, Dizzee Rascal returns with his second album *Showtime*. The stunning production of *Boy in Da Corner* (often described as densely oppressive, abrasive, paranoid, claustrophobic or simply as "Playstation beats") and the frenetic urgency of Dizzee's microphone work set the artistic bar for *Showtime* so high that it was bound to disappoint. Unfortunately, *Showtime* both is and isn't a letdown for the legions of music journalists who creamed their collective pants for Diz a year ago.

The album's titular track and opener, "Showtime", a downtempo, yet dope as shit, example of Dizzee's signature combination of garage, hip-hop, and electro beats, keeps expectations for the rest of the album high. Unfortunately the following six tracks disappoint; the beats on these tracks seem flat and uninspired and not even Diz spitin hot fire pon dem can save them from mediocrity. Just as it seems the end is near, *Showtime* closes with big tune after big tune. The four track



sequence from 8-11 is especially fuckin' massive: beginning with "Respect Me" (Dizzee's imitation of an underground rapper demanding respect) moving to "Get By" with its soulful R&B hook, the raucous track 9 "Knock Knock" and finishing with "Dream" (whose Broadway children's hook is an homage-like gesture to Dizzee's idol Jay-Z).

So half of the album is tight and half is throw-away leaving the reviewer (and consumer) in a tough situation. *Showtime* is much like Biggie Smalls' *Life After Death* double disc: if half of the crap was cut out it would be a hip-hop classic. Unfortunately, unlike *Life After Death*, *Showtime* runs at just barely over 50 minutes. Cutting out the six throwaway tracks leaves the CD-buying public with 30-35 minutes of dope tracks for a bit over \$20. In my opinion, you still gotta cop this shit because the good outweighs the bad, but if you're expecting *Boy in Da Corner II* you might end up feeling a little ripped off.

Drowning the Sea Snakes The Violent Violinist makes her opinion as *Clear As Day* on Three Gut's newest pick

I've decided to review the Sea Snakes' new album *Clear As Day, The Darkest Tools...* solely to be able to vent my bitterness at being removed from the band's line-up before I was ever able to profit from it. As such, I'll have to admit up-front that there are some melodic lines and crescendos that I enjoy in the music. Having worked closely enough with the band to know these songs inside and out, I will refrain from pitching out words like "flash in the pan" and "unbearably milquetoast" in my dismissal. This will be a different kind of review, where I am able to review how far the final product has progressed from the unmixed demo sitting on my bookshelf.



The cover is atrocious: trees, legs, indie rocker art?

Once one gets past the atrociously ugly artwork, the mix of the album does indeed make it sound better than my demo. The mix of vocals with the surrounding soft and flowing instrumentation makes a nice impression on someone

who may be hearing it for the first time, but as someone who played the pieces for nearly six months, the effect quickly wears off. They have included only 9 of the 11 tracks they had initially recorded, cutting two of the better tracks that I had advocated for (which may have been the reason for my expulsion... hmm). The album flows well, but again, it slips to mediocrity after a third or fourth listen. I can liken my Sea Snakes experi-



ence to that of someone stricken with a coma who's stuck listening to a folk-infused Sigur Ros on repeat.

Friends and foes alike who know of my relationship with the band have passed them off as bland and unmemorable on the whole. Although this debut is well produced and instrumentally soothing, it doesn't manage to break through the tedium level needed to create a career. Aside from opening for acts like Pinback and the Microphones, I don't know if there really would have been any lasting benefit. Sorry Sea Snakes, I guess I'm better off without you.

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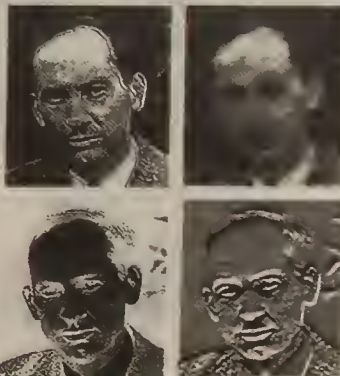
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Banlieue 13

What gives Matthew Marshall a right to comment on this yet-to-be released French martial arts thriller? Nothing, but he's going to hype it anyways

I first heard about *Banlieue 13*, which translates as *Suburbs 13*, on where else, but aint-it-cool-news.com, and quite frankly I was blown away by the trailer. Granted the trailer is in French and I didn't understand a single word that was said, but nevertheless it looks damn cool. Basically as the plot goes, Paris — about 10 years into the future — is threatened by the use of a nuclear weapon on the part of a criminal gang. An elite Parisian cop has to prevent this weapon of mass destruction from being used, and stop the bad guys, naturally using liberal amounts of martial arts. *Banlieue 13* stars Cyril Raffaelli and David Belle. When I read the names of the stars... well, I couldn't be more excited about this movie! Cyril Raffaelli was one of the blonde twins in Jet Li's *Kiss of the Dragon*, and is a top notch martial expert. Raffaelli plays the lead Damien, who plays the elite Parisian policeman. Raffaelli really knows how to handle himself in the martial arts and can do some pretty nutty things.

While having Cyril Raffaelli makes this a good action movie, having David Belle makes this potentially unlike anything you will ever see. The fact that David Belle is in a movie means I will be there opening night. Most of you may be saying, who is David Belle? What movies has he been in? The answer is none that I know of. But, David Belle is the founder of what's called

'parkour', and if you do a Google search of parkour you'll soon see why he belongs in action movies. Parkour is the French art of free-running - basically fluidly moving over any and all urban obstacles in your path, including cars, walls, buildings and rooftops. The parkour videos on the web are pretty amazing to watch on their own, and watching them, it's almost impossible not to be drawn into idle speculation about someone making a movie with these guys. Well, they have, and it's *Banlieue 13*.

This leads into the next point: Luc Besson, the same Luc Besson known for *The Transporter* (yes, I know it had no plot) and *La Femme Nikita* has writing credits on this movie. While Luc Besson can be weak with plot direction, he is a top notch action director. Although, director Pierre Morel is a neophyte, from the trailer, I'm willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. The expected downers about this movie can only be a poor plot and/or poor acting. I fully expect that this will be worth seeing as a martial arts or an action movie, but will it be worth seeing as a film? The story certainly has potential, and if they succeed this could well be an amazing film. *Banlieue 13* is in French and comes out sometime in November.

A Romantic Comedy set on the pinnacle stage of tennis

Vince Lau reviews *Wimbledon*, starring Paul Bettany and Kirsten Dunst

This year's grass court tournament is the last hurrah of journeyman Peter Colt (Paul Bettany), who had been ranked as high as 11th in the world. However, he has had a reputation for choking in clutch games, which has lead this underachiever to ponder retirement. Being able to draw wild-card into the prestigious Wimbledon tournament, Colt plans for this to be a short stint before throwing in the towel. That is, until Peter meets rising female tennis phenom, Lizzie Bradbury (Kirsten Dunst). Romance stirs at the Old England Club, as sparks fly between the two star-crossed lovers. Peter, with a new-found passion for the game, gradually progresses through the tournament with on-court prowess and some luck. He runs into all kinds of trouble on and off the court, but manages to battle within inches of his goal.

Personally, I thought that although this movie was somewhat predictable, it was heartwarming and cute enough to carry though the entire hour and a half. Leading man Paul Bettany provides a stellar performance as over-the-hill Colt, displaying versatility as both an athlete and a sensitive character. He portrays the love-befuddled and struggling-player role to perfection, and you can't help but root for him. Female actress Kirsten Dunst once again brings her dazzling persona to the screen as Lizzie. Playing the part as an overconfident, brash young teenager, her

beauty and talent pushes through as the romance is made to work on screen despite the large discrepancy in ages, which is offset by the chemistry between them. The comedy created from these two gives the movie a light, heart-felt innocent quality, which makes you melt in



your seat.

The shots and camera angles of the various rallies in the movie are superbly done, similar to *The Matrix*. Slow-motion and high-paced action gives the feel of a real tennis match (even though none of the main actors in this movie are true tennis players). Rallies are computer generated (similar to the ping-pong matches of *Forrest Gump*), this is very hard to notice because it is so well done. Tennis enthusiasts (including myself) will be most pleased with the special effects.

John McEnroe and Chris Evert, both tennis legends, make cameo appearances as themselves, color commentating for the Wimbledon tournament. John is amusing as himself in his regular role at the tournament, adding a true dimension of

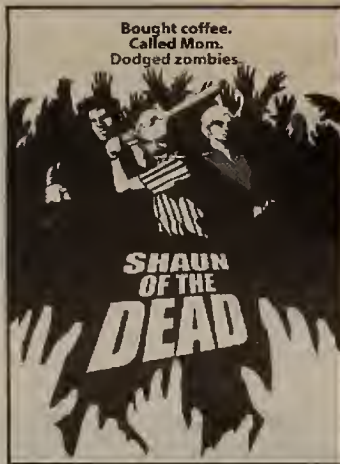
Shaun of the Dead

Matthew Marshall thinks this British Zombie comedy can't quite resurrect overdone genre

Shaun of the Dead begins with a close-up of the hero, Shaun, a salesman at a local electronic store, out to dinner at the local pub in London with his girlfriend Liz and some of their friends. The first part of the movie traces Shaun through his daily routine, completely oblivious to the fact that the world has gone to hell around him. On his walk to the local convenience store he barely acknowledges that zombies are all around him, and of course the obvious assumption is that Shaun is in his own way a Zombie. But more importantly, this is a comedy and everything is done to comedic effect. There are indeed some very choice moments that had the audience laughing out loud in the theatre, but there just weren't enough of these moments.

Ultimately the strongest humor was the result of site gags and some off-colour British jokes, as this is a British movie and takes place in London. In between the bits of humor *Shaun of the Dead* tended to drag along a bit and there were some awfully uncomfortable

bits near the end which seemed really out of place. Zombie movies don't leave a lot of wiggle room as the very nature of the zombie movie means you have a bit at the beginning that shows the boring zombie-like life of the hero, then comes the zombie massacres and transformations to zombies, and of course the hero inevitably has to go and kill some zombies. As a result of this expectation, the attempted satire falls kind of flat, and while for the true aficionados of the zombie movie this may be the highlight of the year, for most people this is just another zombie movie, albeit a little funnier. All in all, *Shaun of the Dead* never really comes to life.



professionalism to the movie. Sam Neill plays Lizzie's overprotective father and coach, Dennis Bradbury, who tries to thwart the romance stirring between Peter and Lizzie before it sidetracks his daughter from her ultimate goal of winning the tournament. Nicolaj Coster Waldau plays the part of best friend and tennis partner Dieter Proll, who provides an on-camera stud for the ladies, as well as the all-around "good guy" for the whole family.

Overall, I think the movie was wonderful and brilliant. If you are unable to catch it in the theatres, it's definitely a movie to rent and watch with those closest to you. Memorable Quote: "Love means nothing in tennis. It only means you lose." — Lizzie Bradbury (Kirsten Dunst).

Special Edition isn't so Special: Jared Bryer takes on George Lucas

Every few years several remarkable things occur in North America: federal elections, economic recessions, startling technological advancements, and George Lucas releases a new version of the Star Wars trilogy. The remarkable difference this time around being the series' long awaited transfer to DVD. Whether you're a hardcore Star Wars fan who can recite the script verbatim or not, chances are you're aware that many people have been eagerly anticipating this release with its prospect of digital enhancement, new special documentaries and director commentaries. Unfortunately, while the box set of the three films does carry a bundle of great bonuses, Lucas, unable to leave well enough alone, has again made some disturbing and unwelcome changes to the films.

Back in 1997 the original *Star Wars* (*Episode IV: A New Hope* if you want to get technical) was re-released in what George Lucas called his definitive "Special Edition". At age fourteen I welcomed this new revamping of some of my favorite movies with open arms, glad to see enhanced computer generated effects and unseen footage. As time wore on, and I watched the movies again (after rushing out to buy the VHS box-set released the following year), I started to become slightly less enthralled by Lucas' tinkering. I started to wonder if it was necessary to have a bunch of completely new digital aliens walking around in the background of many scenes, if a new "celebration around the galaxy" sequence at the end of *Return of the Jedi* was really worthwhile, and if we really needed a computer generated and inexplicably smaller Jabba the Hutt in the first film. After a bit of consideration I came to the conclusion that George Lucas' definitive vision of the trilogy was a terrible blot on a timeless



Image courtesy of Bill Hunt, The Digital Bits Inc. (2002)

classic. None of his changes added anything meaningful; it was just a big cash grab so he could fund another trilogy.

Now that *Star Wars* is available again, I thought—"Special Edition" material aside—that I still ultimately loved the movies and wanted to add them to my DVD collection. However, where George Lucas couldn't leave the movies alone when he released them in 1997, 2004 was no different. Watching the movies I was shocked when I realized that chunks of the dialogue had been altered, voices redubbed and, worst of all, Hayden

Christensen (the actor who plays a young Darth Vader in *Episodes 2 and 3*) had been digitally inserted into the end of *Return of the Jedi* as Vader's ghost, overtop of the actor who originally played the part.

Some might argue that this is just George Lucas' way of linking both the old trilogy and new trilogy together so that they flow into each other smoother than before. But the question remains: was any of it necessary? Does Boba Fett's voice need to be over-dubbed by the actor who plays him in *Episode 2*? Does the scene between Vader and the Emperor in *The Empire Strikes Back* need to be redone so that the events in the prequels make more sense? And does Hayden Christensen need to appear in the old films at all? The answer to all three questions (and many more that I don't need to list) are all very loud and definitive "No's". Sure the documentary on light sabers is mildly interesting, and some of the design sketches are neat to see, but this latest rerelease ended up leaving a very bad taste in my mouth. After watching everything, instead of being filled with the awe that the films originally left me with, I'm left thinking that this is really just another Lucas fundraiser.

Sadly, Lucas still exclusively owns the rights to his movies. Until such a time as he goes bankrupt, crazy(er) or dies and these rights pass on to someone else, we seem doomed to be force-fed a reworked version of *Star Wars* every few years.

It's nice to see better image quality and have bigger sound, and special features are good the first time you watch them, but if I get the urge to watch any installment of the *Star Wars* trilogy, I'll leave my DVDs to gather dust on the shelf and fall back on my old original VHS copies instead.

South Africa and the sound of *Drum*

Apartheid-era Black Journalist moves to his own beat, says Matthew Marshall

At this year's Toronto International Film Festival I was fortunate enough to see *Drum* as part of the South African showcase. This was a thoughtful and beautiful movie that illustrates the difficulties of being black in 1950's apartheid South Africa, arguably one of the most heinous regimes to have ever existed. It follows the evolution of black journalist Henry Nxumalo, a writer for *Drum*, a black magazine. Henry starts out in Sophiatown, a laid back area of Johannesburg where he and his friends are largely left alone. But gradually the injustices being committed around him affect Henry and he is no



longer content to cover parties and trivial social events.

Henry puts his neck on the line to expose some of the crimes being committed, going undercover with the help of his German photographer and English editor. *Drum* traces the difficulties that Henry faces with family, with friends, and finally with himself as he attempts increasingly daring exposés of apartheid. With every big story comes a price and Henry does not escape the notice of the authorities.

Some of the most touching scenes involve Henry's family, as his wife must cope with Henry going from playboy to defender of the people, a difficult transition for anyone to make. The acting was fantastic by all involved and my kudos go out to Zola Maseko, the director, and Taye Diggs, the actor who played Henry. While there was some evidence of roughness around the edges, the heart of the story



was not lost, and in some ways this contributed to the sincerity of a film that was made with the backing and interference of a major studio. The makers and actors of this movie truly show that they, and now South Africa, march to the beat of their own *Drum*.

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The adventures of Cyborg PowerTool Monkey on Fire n' Friends by Jared Michael Bryer



Just Me and My Dad by Jared Michael Bryer

